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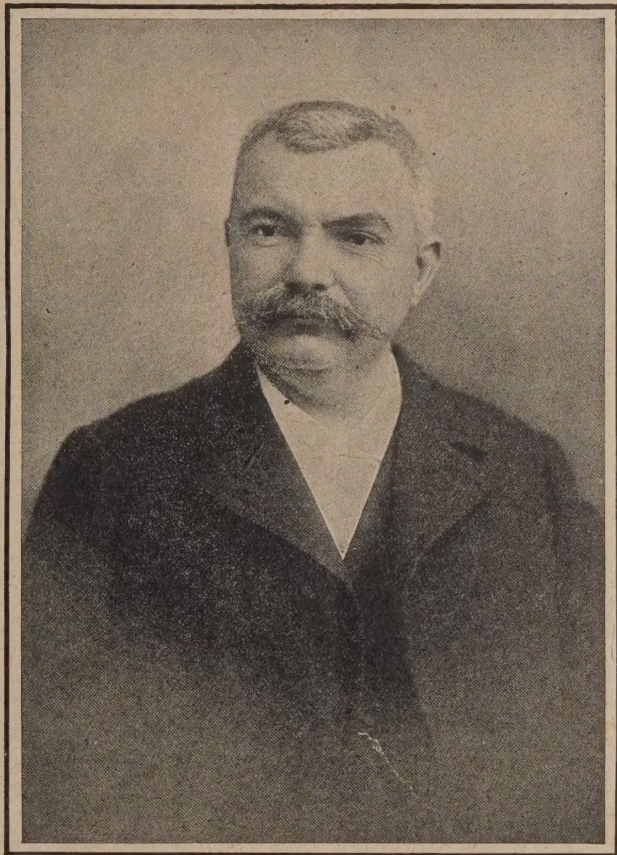
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904. NUMBER ~~31~~ 5



CHARLES WAGNER OF PARIS.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

The Simple Life

A lecture by CHARLES WAGNER

To be given under the auspices of All Souls Church, Chicago, Oct. 28, 1904, at 8 p.m. Tickets $1.00. Seats reserved in order of application.

Charles Wagner,

THE Alsatian, who in his widely read books takes up our American Thoreau's cry for a simple and less complex life, was born in 1852 in a department of France, which after the Franco-Prussian War was annexed to the German Empire. His father, a poor country parson, died when the boy, the eldest of five children, was but seven years old. For education, Charles went to a village primary school; for culture, he went into the fields, roamed the valleys, and climbed the mountains. At fourteen, after some study along Lutheran lines, he went to Paris, where he entered a school of preparatory theology. In 1869 he took his degree of B. A. in the Sorbonne, and inscribed himself as a student of theology in the University of Strasburg. He became a student of Goettingen in 1875, and finished his theological course there. After several pastorates in small places he made an entry into the great world of Paris. He first opened a Sunday-school, giving lectures in the evening, but in 1885 he began preaching in a small room. From these simple beginnings his congregation has grown and developed until now he addresses one of the largest congregations in Paris. He is preaching to-day to men, young and old, men of the upper classes and workingmen. His preaching to laborers, begun during his first years in Paris, gave impulse to the formation of the workingmen's circles and churches; and to his influence, in a large measure, is due the rise of the Popular University, which is now so common in France.

Pastor Wagner is best seen in his pulpit—a tall, broad-shouldered, commanding figure, a Bismarck in size, with a massive head that in its strength looks as if it might have been cast of iron. His voice is full and resonant, and his sermons rouse and startle, like a call to arms. It was these sermons that forced Pastor Wagner from the quaint, obscure little upper-chamber room to the handsome hall of to-day on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. The increase of space was not needed for women, but for men, and for the men who furnish the most hopeful soil for Pastor Wagner's seed—the young and the vigorous. In all of his lectures, as well as sermons, he is essentially practical, taking examples from human experience to meet human needs. His books have been understood, and the man himself will be more easily understood. People will soon see that he is no stranger, but a member of the human race, full of good will, before whom there is neither mountain, sea, nor barrier of any kind, and whose chief aim is the promise and fulfilment of a better future.

No more sincere or persuasive preacher of wholesome living has appeared in our time than M. Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," "By the Fireside," etc. Wagner's teaching has pre-eminent appropriateness for this particular age. It possesses that kind of sweetness which means perfect health. He has been called a preacher of the commonplace, because he deals with universal duties, with the common health, with the general need; but it is well to remember, when the lovers of the esoteric, the unusual, and the highly individual in art begin their preachment, that all the greatest things are commonplace in the sense that they are, or may be, a part of the existence of every man and woman. M. Wagner has spoken not only to modern France in clear and ringing tones about the things which concern its health and life, but to the whole generation, many of whom are led astray by the misconceptions, the illusions, and the vices against which he is leading not a forlorn hope, but a gallant and inspiring charge.—*The Outlook of August 6, 1904.*

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904. NUMBER 31

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay:
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the grey disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

—*William Vaughn Moody in "The Fire Bringer."*

UNITY, its editorial staff and clerical force are all back in Chicago again and at work at the old stand, 3939 Langley Avenue. For nearly three months they have carried on their work at long arm's length one hundred and eighty miles from the center. We thank our readers for their indulgent forbearance with us and rejoice in the renewed strength and fresh courage that follow even an editorial campaign in the woods.

The heart of UNITY yearns toward Boston this week. The greatest honor of the year, spiritually speaking, conferred upon the United States, will be the meeting of the International Peace Congress that will convene there next week. Be the attendance large or small, the delegates numerous or few, the Thirteenth International Peace Congress will represent the most prophetic movement in our civilization. The indications are many that the United States is not ready for its message. It is not possible for a navy-building and island-conquering nation to be sincerely in love with these messengers of peace, for the peace that is a gospel is not the compulsory suspension of hostilities, the peace of the clenched fist, but it is the peace of love, the peace of the dismantled fortress and the unguarded seas. "Speak softly but carry a club," is a poor version of a "soft answer turneth away wrath," the ideal of the benignant spirit that thinketh no evil. Chicago will be represented by at least one delegate whose voice will be welcome. Miss Jane Addams will carry the fraternal greetings of the peace lovers of Chicago. We hope to be able to announce more than one overflow meeting that will be held in the West before our European friends return.

Editor Bok discusses at page length in the October number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* "The Man Outside the Church." The article is inspired by a letter from the mother of a son who is a "fine manly fellow, clean-minded, four-squared, clear of brain in his sense of duty of mankind," who still is reluctant to go to church. If he goes at all it is to please his mother, but mostly she must go alone. It is a hopeful sign when the editor of such a "popular" magazine as this gives so much space to the discussion, which is carried on in a manly, frank fashion. Evidently in the mind of this editor the blame lies largely at the door of the preacher who has confused "christianity with churchianity" and has assumed that church attendance is a requisite of the noble life. He charges the clergymen with "stooping to conquer" and promises that

"When Christianity, divorced from Churchianity, is once more made vital through an expression of that fine, fervent, actual and simple Christian belief which always makes a strong, unerring appeal to every man that none can resist, standing strong and impenetrable upon those doctrines of Christianity which have been close to the heart of every self-respecting man for over two thousand years, and which, to-day, when spoken by a man—mind you, I say a *man*—win the respect and conviction of every man who listens to them as the strongest and most uplifting message that was ever shaped into words. The message that held men spellbound when Christ spoke it is the message that will hold men spellbound to-day—that message which, first, makes a man see the fine things in life; and, second, makes *within* him a desire to live for them. When men shall feel that before them in the pulpit is a man who sees a need in his fellowmen, and is overpowered, yes, consumed as with fire to give succor for that need—that is the message men will hear, and, hearing, will take into their souls and hearts."

Rev. Charles Wagner's appearance in the United States is likely to prove one of the religious events of the year. Special dispatches from Philadelphia say that on last Sunday he preached twice and made ten addresses, speaking to an aggregate of 12,200 people. His sermons were given in Bethany Church and at the Baptist Temple and he was the guest of John Wanamaker. From thence he went to Washington to visit President Roosevelt who, to his honor be it said, made an early discovery of the now famous book, "The Simple Life." On our front page will be seen a portrait of this apostle of simplicity, and according to announcement made elsewhere it will be seen that on October 28th he will lecture in Chicago under the auspices of All Souls Church. We have already expressed the fear in these columns that the citizens of the United States will show much more readiness to listen to his precepts than to practice them. Is it the irony of fate or is it the pathos of the human heart that makes the doctrine of the simple life so popular among those whose lives are entangled in a complexity of diet, dress, social pretensions, intellectual ambitions and ethical confusions? It is well to dream of a better state. It is a privilege to listen to the wiser counsel; hence we rejoice in the large hearing which seems to be awaiting this great Parisian preacher. The only opportunity Chicago will have of hearing him on a public platform will be at the lecture advertised elsewhere. It will be necessary, then, that those who want to make sure of the opportunity should apply early for seats. The seating capacity of All Souls Church is limited, and if the demand should justify, a larger auditorium may be arranged for.

"The American League for Industrial Education" is the name of a venture with which our readers will have large sympathy. The league has for its chairman N. O. Nelson, the St. Louis manufacturer, and for its field secretary O. L. Triggs of Chicago. It plans to conduct an industrial public school system. The objects of the League are so high, timely, and we wish we might say imperative, that we print their statement entire.

1. To conduct an educational campaign for an industrial public school system, which should include the teaching of domestic science and both agricultural and manual training in all public schools, so that children would be taught to work with their hands and to farm, as they are now taught in France and Denmark, in the public schools.

2. To promote the establishment of school gardens in connection with all public schools where every child would be taught to be a lover of nature and of the country, and trained toward the land as a source of livelihood rather than away from it.

3. To advocate the establishment of public manual training school farms in every county in the United States and of as many such manual training school farms in the vicinity of all cities, by state, municipal and national governments, as may be necessary to give to every boy the opportunity to learn how to earn his living by his labor and to till the soil for a livelihood and get his living from the land.

4. To awaken a public sentiment in favor of such an educational system as a means of counteracting the drift of population from the country to the cities and turning it back to the land, and to arouse the people of the entire country to a realization of the need for agricultural education and training, and the creation of rural homes as national safeguards, and the encouragement of rural settlement as a remedy for the social and political evils threatened by the congestion of population in large cities.

5. To enlist the co-operation of agricultural, civic, commercial, educational, industrial, labor, manufacturing, and other organizations as well as philanthropic support and legislative action in furthering the objects of the league.

6. To maintain a press and literary bureau for the promotion of the objects of the league and the collection and dissemination of information concerning industrial education, including domestic science and both farm and manual training, and to bring before the people of the country, through lectures and public addresses, and by holding local and national conventions the advantages, methods and motives of industrial education and the national importance of a public system of industrial education.

The October *McClure* contains the eighth and last article of Miss Ida Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company." The same number contains Lincoln Steffens' startling and clear study of the political situation in Wisconsin. These, with Lawson's articles in *Everybody's Magazine* and the independent revealment in *Collier's Weekly,* represent a hopeful tendency towards that publicity in which center so many hopes for a better social order. But even magazine articles are too solid reading, at least too lengthy, for many would-be intelligent readers of today. Judging from our own experience, it is safe to predict that but few men burdened with great business responsibilities will stop to read all if any of these articles. They will dismiss them as belonging to that "crank literature" for which they have no time. There is still need of epitomizing and abstracting. The revealments of Tarbell, Lawson and Steffens need to be put into vest pocket editions and nut-shell proportions; it is still the province of the preacher and the teacher to make sun-clear statements of the moral issues involved. Miss Tarbell brings her astounding revelations to a fitting climax; she has landed the reader on the table-lands of ethics. For the benefit of those who either will not or can not take time to read the entire article or articles (and we hope there are few such among UNITY readers) we reproduce below the closing paragraph. Here at least is safe ground for the preacher. There can be but one standard for professional ethics for the lawyer and the business man, the doctor and the manufacturer, the capitalist and the preacher. What would be disgraceful and humiliating in the conduct of the one must be made to appear equally disreputable and contemptible in the other. To enforce this lesson is certainly the province of the preacher, the task of the church, the mission of the Sunday.

"As for the ethical side, there is no cure but in an increasing scorn of unfair play—an increasing sense that a thing won by breaking the rules of the game is not worth the winning. When the business man who fights to secure special privileges, to crowd his competitor off the track by other than fair competitive methods, receives the same summary, disdainful ostracism by his fellows that the doctor or lawyer who is 'unprofessional,' the athlete who abuses the rules, receive, we shall have gone a long way towards making commerce a fit pursuit for our young men."

In another note we indicate how Miss Tarbell, a devoted student of practical sociology, following the lines of economic research, reaches the high table-lands of ideal ethics. Prince Kropotkin, in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century,* following the lines of evolution, holding himself sternly to the scientific basis of morals and religion, reaches similar high grounds, the conclusion of which we give below, reprinted from the *Literary Digest* of September 24th, to which we take pleasure in referring such readers as may not be able to reach the entire article in the *Nineteenth Century*:

"Mutual aid—justice—morality are the consecutive steps of an ascending series, revealed to us by the study of the animal world and man. It is not something imposed from the outside; it is an organic necessity which carries in itself its own justification, confined and illustrated by the whole of the evolution of the animal kingdom, beginning with its earliest colony stages, and gradually rising to our civilized human communities. Speaking an imaged language, it is a general law of organic evolution, and this is why the senses of mutual aid, justice, and morality are rooted in man's mind with all the force of an inborn instinct—the first being evidently the strongest, and the third, which is the latest, being the least imperative of the three. Like the need of food, shelter, or sleep, these instincts are self-preservation instincts. . . . . .

"This is the solid foundation which science gives us for the elaboration of a new system of ethics and its justification; and, therefore, instead of proclaiming the 'bankruptcy of science,' what we have now to do is to examine how scientific ethics can be built up out of the elements which modern research, stimulated by the idea of evolution, has accumulated for that purpose."

The Harvest of the Spirit.

In these autumnal days the farmer is busy fruit-gathering, threshing and carrying to his store houses summer products. There is another reaper who has been busy with his sheaves and the garnering of ripened spirits goes steadily on. Recently this Reaper we call Death has been gathering home those who have been very near and dear to the UNITY household, and with tender memories and high appreciation of the past we here gratefully mention their names and extend loving sympathy to those who are girding their lives anew to live bravely and worthily, notwithstanding the aching void, aye, on account of the void that is a challenge, an expectation and high fruition.

JOHN WILKINSON OF CHICAGO,

the many handed business man who touched no activity that he did not master. The rod, photography, archery, cycling, scroll sawing, printing, chess playing, chemistry, each in its turn represented the byplay of his life, each pursued until the amateur became expert and connoisseur. For many years he was one of the successful merchants of Chicago on a large scale, a faithful parishioner, beloved friend and literary adviser of Robert Collyer. His home on La Salle Avenue in Chicago was also the hospitable home for the ministers whose faces were turned towards the light. It was fitting that his tireless activity should continue clear up to the stopping time—a painful accident followed by brief suffering, and the genial John Wilkinson quietly passed to his sleep. He who had contributed to the joy of so many lives was quietly laid to rest on a beautiful autumnal day at Rose Hill, the Pastor of All Souls Church speaking the last word out of an intimate friendship that stretched over thirty years of time. Mrs. Wilkinson, who has been identified with all progressive things in Chicago these many years, and four children survive him. Many friends who read these lines will remember them with loving sympathy.

FRANK WHITNALL,

the veteran florist of Milwaukee, he who more than half a century ago landed as an English lad on the wharf in Milwaukee when it was still a frontier town. When the money was earned, he studied botany and chemistry at Oberlin and began gardening on the "School Section" in the suburbs of Milwaukee. Then followed the long years of loving, successful work in the realms of the beautiful. English favorites were imported; wild flowers and weeds were domesticated; he became a propagator of roses and lilies, the higher significance of which was always the object of his intelligent study. He was a student and in modest ways an interpreter of Darwin, a gentle spirit, loving and loyal, identified always with what was progressive and public spirited in the city of his love, which he loved none the less when failing health drove him to the more hospitable territories of southern California. He came back to take his leave of the world in the city which he had done so much to beautify. Here also the minister of All Souls Church, Chicago, an old friend of the family, was asked to speak a word of appreciation and trust by the side of his coffin.

MARY HALE OF MINNEAPOLIS,

When the writer of these lines preached the sermon in the above city that led to the organization of the Unitarian Church over twenty-three years ago, Miss Hale, then young, beautiful, and accomplished, was present. She came to the front and was counted in from the start. From that day to the last day of her life, September 16th, she was a firm friend and an active worker in this society, a tender support to its minister in all his undertakings. In late years she had come upon griefs many, which she met with failing strength but unfailing spirit. Her beloved pastor writes:

"She had been sick in bed for several weeks, but no special fears were felt for her, and that morning, after a rather bad night, while eating an orange instead of breakfast, she suddenly dropped back dead, apparently from heart failure."

Miss Hale as a child grew up in Robert Collyer's parish in Chicago. Her father was one of the stalwart supporters of the Old Unity Church of Chicago; she was ever a reader and lover of UNITY; she was ever a supporter of Unitarianism in its most progressive phases, and a friend to be trusted in sunshine and in shower.

CARLTON ALBERT STAPLES,

the veteran Unitarian minister of Lexington, Mass., in the seventy-seventh year of his age, has fallen asleep. Meadville, St. Louis, Milwaukee, the Western Secretaryship of the American Unitarian Association, Chicago, Providence, R. I., and Lexington, Mass., represent the successful fields in which this good man labored as minister for full fifty years. Everywhere his service was rewarded with the success that belongs to the faithful, patient, steady workers. His going hence was always a source of sincere regret and his coming hither was always the beginning of useful work and tender fellowship. There were two of the Staple brothers who entered the ministry together, but the younger and more brilliant, Nahor Augustus, burned his life out in ten years. He began his ministry where Carlton ended it—at Lexington. The brother Carlton took up the work Nahor laid down at Milwaukee in order to take his place in the files of the Union Army that was contending for liberty. Subsequently he became the predecessor of John Chadwick in Brooklyn.

Carlton Staples was the first Unitarian minister that the Senior Editor ever saw, and he saw him first on the way to Meadville, stopping en route to receive the promised letter of introduction, which was given on the strength of the very few letters that had been exchanged and one solitary supper-table acquaintance. But he and the genial wife loved Meadville and their hearts warmed to those who yearned towards the ministry. Then and there began a fellowship warm and tender that continued to the end.

Mr. Staples was a model pastor, for he promptly identified himself with the community which it was his purpose to serve. He represented not the Unitarians alone but the needs of the community which it is the business of the Unitarian church to serve. He was interested not only in church traditions, but he became the antiquarian of the town, the historian of the community, the servant of the public and "mine host" to all strangers within the gates. During his nine years activity as the Western Secretary of the A. U. A. and the successful founding of the Third Unitarian Church, his hold upon it being loosed by the Chicago fire, he formed many life-lasting friendships throughout the West. In Chicago his son and only child took his early training and grew up in the love of the ministry, and he has successfully followed in the footsteps of his father. It was altogether fitting that the son should read the committal service at the grave. Good and faithful friend, farewell! The world is immeasurably better for your having lived in it; unnumbered lives are happier for having known you.

THE PULPIT.

The Evening Primrose.

An After-Vacation Sermon, Delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in All Souls Church, September 25, 1904.

Oenothéra biennis, L. Rather stout, erect (1.5° high), usually simple, more or less pubescent and hairy; leaves lanceolate to oblong—or rarely ovate-lanceolate (1-6′ long) acute or acuminate, repandly denticulate, the lowest petioled; calyx-tube 1-2½′ long, the tips of the sepals contiguous; petals ½—¾ long; capsule more or less pubescent or hirsute. Throughout the U. S.''

Thus runs the technical description in Gray's Botanical Manual of a rusty plant that gradually lifted its single stalk up through the unshaved grass, up above the edge of the stone wall into plain view in front of my Tower Hill cell, which lies wide open to the west, with its far prospect of hills, and river, and bridge. Day by day it modestly nodded within twenty feet of the bed whereon I lay to study, meditate, rest and sleep. By day and by night this plebeian modestly lifted its stem into full view. Although on Tower Hill we aim to let all wild things grow—the policy is to protect and not destroy all forms of life, the lawn goes unshaved and the trees untrimmed—it must be confessed that this lonely intruder seemed so unmistakably common that day after day the purpose to cut it down went unfulfilled from sheer inertia. Notwithstanding the oft-reiterated dictum that "there are no weeds on Tower Hill," for all are plants are worthy of respect, soliciting the study that will compel appreciation, this was so weed-like, the lower leaves frayed out so quickly and were so vulnerable to the sting of insects, the violence of the wind and the blight of the sun, that the plant invited continuously the hoe or the knife. As it lifted its head above the stone wall, its ragged, plebeian jacket stood out in painful contrast to the tidy barberry on the one side, the sturdy juniper on the other, the always genteel nasturtium behind it, and the leafy bowers of oak, pine, birch, maple and elm that led the eye down, on and away to the river, the bridge, and the hills already mentioned.

But the "weed" that was first endured began to amuse me. I was first pleased with it, perhaps, because it triumphed over my laziness; what I once endured I began to enjoy, mostly on account of its quiet impertinence. My democratic plant held its head aloft unabashed by its aristocratic neighbors. Rain or shine, in flood and drought, my commoner kept on building its wand-like stem upward, spinning new leaves according to the primordial pattern to take the place of older ones whose mystic retorts of green so soon became o'er-crusted. Day by day as the leaves withered below, green ones were put out above, until at last one morning, lo and behold! my "weed" had broken into flower a-top—a delicate yellow blossom, with its corolla of four spreading petals, fragrant, dainty and curious. But early in the day the flower crumpled, became ill-shapen, and by night it was gone. I had been entertaining an angel of the floral realm unawares, for my "weed" was an Evening Primrose. Then the floral procession began. Night after night brought a new blossom,—seldom two,— which the next day demolished, but some mystic force still pushed upward the stem; each flower left behind it a pregnant seed vessel, four-celled, that was to be walled with strong woody fiber and was to contain in due time hundreds of seeds, each seed representing in potentiallity another Evening Primrose plant. Night after night I took leave of my plant flower-bereft; morning after morning my plant nodded its greeting with a fresh blossom at the top. My primrose wa fighting the battle of life on a spot somewhat sterile; it was but occasionally that it could give double blossoms in a night. For one or two nights during a dry spell no blossom appeared; the task was too hard. Then the rain came and the mills began to work again, and forty-eight hours afterwards I had three blossoms at once.

So for thirty nights or more did my solitary wand weave for me each night a blossom, and day by day the beauty of my night-bloomer grew upon me as I slowly awoke to an appreciation of the divine mystery; I found myself watching the ever-enlarging miracle of life carried on so humbly yet so profoundly before my very eyes.

Blanchan thus describes my humble neighbor:

''Like a ball-room beauty, the evening primrose has a jaded, bedraggled appearance by day when we meet it by the dusty roadside, its erect buds, fading flowers from last night's revelry, wilted ones of previous dissipations, and hairy oblong capsules, all crowded together among the willow-like leaves at the top of the rank growing plant. But at sunset a bud begins to expand its delicate petals slowly and timidly.''

I like not the urban simile of this interesting author of "Nature's Garden." My humble door-yard neighbor suggested to me not the bedraggled beauty of a ball-room belle, but rather the meager affluence of an industrious peasant woman who toils diligently through the dust and heat of day that she may, in the evening, at least, exhibit a bit of finery—a touch of color on the cap and a ribbon at the throat.

But no simile born out of the common experience and untutored observation of men can do justice to this silent neighbor that nodded to me through the long summer days at Tower Hill. Soon my interest gave way to a curiosity that called to its aid the botanist of the Hill and the lore at her command. By means of the knowledge of this expert I found that our Evening Primrose is of no mean order, that it has already climbed well up the ladder of plant life. According to Britton & Brown's Flora, flowering plants are divided into one hundred and sixty-three families, arranged scientifically in the order of their perfection, the Thistle family standing at the head, for the thistle ends not with the perfectly developed and thoroughly equipped individual blossom but has reached the corporate life where the individual makes common cause with its associate, and the community life is realized to the advantage of each. In this ascending scale there are one hundred and fifteen families of plants behind our Evening Primrose and forty-eight families before it. Says Margaret Morley:

''Simply to belong to an old family does not count for much in the plant world unless that old family has kept on doing something to improve itself. To be an aristocrat here is to be descended from a long line of plants that have kept on improving.''

Let Chicago's "seventeen" pedigreed families look well to their "noble" laurels.

You will remember it was in the realm of plant life that Darwin came upon the most striking evidence that the order of nature is an order of evolution; that it is ever a development from the more simple to the more complex. In the vegetable life of the globe this law is most easily demonstrated. The lowest form of the flowering plant starts life with but one seed leaf. Here the rushes, the grasses and the lilies belong. The higher order equips its seeds with two cotyledons. Now flowers put forth distinct petals; later along and still higher they are united into a tubular corolla. In this ascending series we find the walnut, the willow, the elm, the pink, the rose, the pea, the maple, the violet, and further up than all these comes our humble primrose, near the top of the ladder. The line of march continues through the morning-glory, the mint, and the honey suckle, towards the crowning thistle.

My botanist friend again reminds me that perfection in the flower is not measured by any law of symmetry, still less by any of the artificial standards of beauty,

man-made, or of efficiency in the little round of human utilities. The index of high development in the floral world is not symmetry, or perfection of individual organs in the plant, but rather the degree of adaptation to its surroundings, its skill in compelling circumstances to serve it and wringing from its environment a continued existence. In order to secure this the plant will distort or if need be abort some of its organs. The buttercup is a symmetrical flower; the violet ranks higher—it has sacrificed symmetry to efficiency. And the orchid mounts still higher; its distortions are more marked, and its adaptation on that account more signal.

My friend has catalogued for me six steps of progress in the adaptation of my primrose to its surroundings:

1. It has a very long slender calyx tube demanding perfect work on the part of its insect colaborator; for without insects the world would soon become flowerless.

2. It produces nectar to tempt the insect appetite.

3. It is odorous to woo its insect lover.

4. The stamen life comes to an end before the pistil is open; the former gives of its pollen and withers away before ten o'clock in the evening. Later, the stigma, the sensitive end of the pistil, opens to receive the belated visitors who carry the pollen dust from neighboring plants, so that cross-fertilization is made secure.

5. By means of its nocturnal habit, this haunter of the roadside, this common citizen of waste places, steals a march upon its more pretentious and aggressive neighbors and quietly attends to the business of its life while they sleep. Says Margaret Morley, "When a flower has acquired the habit of blossoming at night it has taken as much growth in the direction of progress as to acquire a blue corolla, and blue is the highest development in floral coloration."

6. Few of the flowers open at a time, thus multiplying the chances for the auspicious maturing and planting of the seed.

The sowing season is still further prolonged by the economic way provided for the distribution of the seed. The woody pod opens at the upper end and the little seeds are thrown out, one by one, as the wind sways the slender stem. In some dried pods of a year ago found on the Hill, there were still some seeds waiting for the sowing that would come only from a still more violent wind.

But the lesson of patience, diligence and quiet energy, the awe-inspiring silent industry of my night-blooming friend, is but half told. "Oenothéra biennis" is the technical name. The first word, says Gray, is an old name of unknown meaning; the latter indicates a biennial. The plant that surprised me this year and offers as a by-product this after-vacation sermon, began its career more than a year ago. All last summer it was quietly at work right under my nose; doubtless many times while it was unable to leave the ground it barely escaped the weight of my careless heel. A year ago it produced the rosette which, once discovered and understood, becomes a thing of beauty, fascinating in its significance. Gibson describes it as "a most perfectly symmetrical leaf-cluster, a beautiful complex spiral star, geometrical in its arrangement and a perfect pattern for the modeller, sculptor, decorator or wood-carver." The whole stem is concealed in the model form. Everything is ready, so to speak, for the building, and then the winter comes. The leaves, arranged with geometric exactness, are frost-bitten, but the plan, and the central vitality remain; and last spring the little one-year-old plant made a bold push upward and the hidden life of last year lifted its head boldly in air. Night after night for thirty days or more, it wooed the long-billed sphinx moth, and incidentally attracted the attention of a Chicago preacher.

With the help of my science friend, let us leave this general study and observe more closely our solitary specimen, the one Evening Primrose that lived and died at the threshold of the sanctum in Westhope Cottage on Tower Hill. Close to the ground we saw the remnants of last year's rosette leaves. By tracing the scars on the lower stem we discover that it takes nine leaves to make the circle. That is, the ninth leaf finds itself again directly above the one from which we started. Eight times did this series of leaves engirdle the stem before the flowery spike began, and then the flower and next the seed-pods began their cycles, each pod bearing a leaf at the base. This particular plant succeeded in projecting thirty-seven different seed-pods. Note, then, the product of the two years' work:

A stem four feet high that had produced 128 leaves, 78 of which were still at work feeding the plant. At the axle of each of the upper leaves there was thrown out a miniature branch as if the plant were making a desperate reach after more sustenance—a conservative extension of the green surface to create more food. By actual count one seed vessel was found to contain 332 seeds; multiply this by the 37 seed-pods produced by the Westhope specimen, and you have 12,284 seeds as its contribution to the life of the Hill, its effort to perpetuate its kind, to maintain and promote the primrose dynasty in the floral kingdom.

Do you wonder, then, that my rusty "weed," which at one time offended my sense of tidiness and beauty so much that I plotted its destruction, became transformed before my eyes? At this distance, even through the media of my inadequate sentences, does it not glow with the light of a revelation divine? Goethe claimed, and subsequent observers are inclined to substantiate the claim, that the flowers of the Evening Primrose have a phosphorescent quality; that they literally shine in the darkness; that they radiate a light of their own to guide hither their co-workers upon whose activities the continuation of their life depends, and for whose service they give delicious food, and, as we shall see further on, hospitable shelter. As we study the life of this plant, and discover the secret of the flower, we come upon a light that is not on sea or land; a light that reveals the higher standard of success, the secret of triumph.

Twenty feet from where my plant with rusty leaves laboriously succeeded in putting forth one little yellow blossom an evening, grows a proud garden hydrangea, which meantime was putting forth its fifty or more great flower-clusters. These great white pompons it wore through sunshine and through darkness. It was the aristocrat of the Hill. Here was a triumph of the greenhouse touched with the hardihood that can stand the out-of-doors. All the summer days men, women and children came and went and noted not my "weed" tipped with the fragile yellow blossom, but everybody saw and complimented the stately hydrangea, plumed as for a state occasion.

The hydrangeas endured; it was short work to gather them; they packed easily; here they are today decorating my pulpit with high sufficiency. But it was hard to bring a bunch of primroses; they faded on the way; here are but broken suggestions; here as on Tower Hill, the primrose is clothed with humility and defeat.

But the hydrangea was odorless and without honey; no diligent bee sought its nectarines; it had little use

for insects and they learned to keep their distance, for alas! my hydrangea was sterile. The gay floral envelopes have dwarfed or aborted the productive organs; the essential elements of the flower are wanting in the conspicuous ones; a few survive within the cluster out of sight, but it is doubtful whether they are capable of continuing the life of this belle of the boulevard, this gardener's triumph brought about by high feeding, which in the main is what the horticulturist means by "high cultivation," and gradually he is learning to use the more exact term.

Of course plant life has its human analogies; we have not far to go to find our Sunday sermon for human souls in this story of a "weed" and its imperial neighbor.

On my ride from Chicago to Tower Hill this summer, Roos and I overtook three of our girls who were driving across the country, and for a day and a half we traveled together for the sake of the companionship it implied—human and equine. At noon a soft, green grassy plat, a gnarled old oak, and a few weather-worn apple trees all unfenced by the roadside were so tempting that we concluded to take on trust the gray, unpromising, unpainted little house and the unkempt barnyard, and stop there, permission being granted, for our road-side dinner. In a very few minutes our ambassador returned with the sad little story condensed into a few sentences. "Yes, we may stay. It is a little German woman who lives here alone with her little boy fourteen years of age, working a little farm. The husband and father died four months ago. There is one other son who lives in Chicago, working in a machine shop; he is expected home to spend the Fourth; she hopes he will stay at home to run the farm. We can have hot water to make the chocolate, but they have no cream; the milk of the five cows is all sent to the factory. We can put the horses in the barn and feed them out of the oat bin. The little boy is in the field yet but will be home to dinner."

The pathos of this hospitality was touching, but it was accepted. "Roos" and "Billy" were put into the one stall and the oats were found while the young women of the party attended to the domestic interests of the excursion. The basket was unpacked under the trees and the uncreamed chocolate was prepared. Meanwhile the fourteen-year-old farmer came in from the corn field with the two old horses,—dispirited, uncurried, clumsy-footed, heavy-headed, awkward farm "plugs" in shiftless harness; they had to be fitted into the cow stable to make room for the intruding city steeds. How intrusive the city overflow into the country side during the summer weeks often is! How thoughtless often are the intruders!

The stubby, gnarled little boy whose hands, of the marble-playing age, were already too horny for games, was largely lost in the long, loose legs of the over-large boots in which he slumped. His light hair was sun-bleached into tow and the freckled face was tanned into a blank, expressionless uniformity which an experienced eye could analyze into the constituent elements of sweat, dust and weariness. But there was a boy hid away somewhere in this encrusted little man, and perhaps the girls on the lawn more than the gray-beard in the stable brought the boy to the surface, and he whistled merrily while feeding his horses and told glibly his end of the story.

Yes, it was hard work plowing corn, but he didn't mind that, but gee! didn't he have to work to put in the crop! He did it all alone, for his father died before the frost was out of the ground. In the spring time he used to get so tired that he cried a lot in the field, and he laughed merrily as he recounted the story of his tears. Yes, the old mares were slow enough,—they were run down; they had not much oats to feed them—"Roos" and "Billy" were munching away at full feed and my conscience hurt me—but he would show me a beauty; and he opened the door into a box stall where stood a live, dainty little three-year-old filly, playful and companionable. She welcomed her little master, and nipped him playfully. "That is the finest mare anywhere around here," the boy said.

"Do you drive her?"

"Yes, I used to, but my mudder she don't let me any more; she is afraid she will hurt me."

"Did she ever get away from you?"

"You bet! Last week I started with her in the little wagon to take the milk to the factory, the cans began to rattle as I was going down that steep place there in the road and she jumped, and my gee! she busted the wagon and tore the harness into shoe-strings and threw me like a ball on top of that clump of brush there."

"No, I wasn't hurt a bit, but the milk it was all spilled and she run a mile before anybody could catch her. So my mudder she don't let me drive her any more and she is going to sell her."

All this story he told in greatest glee, breaking out in peals of boyish laughter at the thought of how she landed him on top of the growing brush tangle. She was "worth a hundred and forty dollars to anybody," he said.

While we ate, the hard-worked little German woman in the bereaved home brought us, fresh from the garden, a large dish full of luscious strawberries which she had just picked with her own gnarled hands. The appetites of the travelers were somewhat abated as they ate under the trees, with the thought of the lonely little table on the inside of the humble little house. Four more days and it would be the Fourth of July, and the city boy would be back for the first time in the broken home.

"My mudder she thinks that my brudder will stay on de farm, but I don't guess he will; I bet he will find it too stupid; he has been in Chicago tree years and I guess tings are pretty lively in Chicago, don't they? Perhaps you know where my brudder works; it is on San Francisco Street on the West Side."

After our dinner and theirs, as we lounged under the trees, the windmill groaned and scolded, and the little man with a rope around his shoulders climbed the high tower, lassoed the flying wheel to make it fast, and then poured oil on the troubled joints. Later he apologized for the timidity implied in fettering the wheel. "My fadder he could oil the mill while it was running. My mudder she won't let me do it; she's afraid I'll fall off and so she makes me tie de wheel fast," and then another laugh at the unnecessary caution. But it put new pathos into the little figure who had watched from below with hand over her eyes the boyish figure on the giddy height.

While still we tarried under the trees and the horses were eating, this boy got out his bicycle, cut a figure eight on the grass around the surrey, up the road and back again. Surely, he who had been driving the cultivator all the morning and was soon to return to the task in the afternoon, did not need exercise; why did he ride his bicycle? Perhaps it was a new toy, a loving mother's indulgence to the premature farmer; perhaps the play instinct was not yet wholly overlaid with care; perhaps the girls under the trees were an element in the dissipation. Explain it as you will, it seemed profoundly tender then and it seems still

more so now, as I study this tear-stained little home and think of the dust-covered, weary *haus-frau* and the stubbed little *haus-band* carrying the responsibilities of a farm, facing problems of manhood in the tender years of childhood, in the subdued but revealing light of my evening primrose.

O, the big boots, the sweat-soiled shirt, the handful of newly plucked flowers that came up the road on that bicycle put a lump within the throat. Were the flowers a part of the preparation for the Fourth of July welcome home, or did they represent the habitual needs of that home? They were German, you will remember, and things were reported as looking very tidy though very poor on the inside; or were the flowers in the fingers that must soon again grapple with the handles of the corn cultivator somehow related again to the flitting girls momentarily resting on the grass by his house?—the cottage was too humble to speak of the grass as the lawn. In any case, the flowers made the lump in the throat more painful.

There was just a moment of confidence with the little mother. How dusty, rusty, humble, primrose-like she was! A hard youth in the old country; an apprenticeship working out for Wisconsin farmers by the month, then a German wedding in America; the purchase of this rough, rocky little patch of sixty acres in one of the least fertile nooks of the mis-named luxurious Rock County; ten years of hard but hopeful work —two more years would see the home out of debt—six cows, three horses, some chickens, pigs, farm implements, two boys, etc; then an accident, a lingering illness, an unexpected collapse, death, loneliness, fortitude. The boy loved the little mare; he cried whenever she talked of selling it; he thought it was worth a hundred and forty dollars; she would sell it for a hundred. She saw I rode a good horse; would I not buy or find a buyer? She was so afraid the boy would be hurt; he was not big enough to handle her. And then, ah! here was the deepest pathos within this pathetic story. How delicately she tried to conceal and yet how clearly was it revealed in the uncounting frankness of this humble woman-primrose. There was a nervous dread in the heart's yearning welcome awaiting the son who was expected home on the Saturday before the Fourth.

What if he had changed and would not stay on the farm, even though it were his own?

"Well, then, I think I must give up altogether; it is too much for the little boy and me," and the broken voice and the tear-dimmed eye broke off the conversation.

There was a touching hesitancy at accepting the ordinary price for the horses' feed; that which "my landlord" would have exacted, she accepted with a troubled conscience lest it be too much. We saw the boy pulling along the reluctant old mares towards the corn field for the afternoon task, shook hands with and said "good-bye" to the little mother and moved on.

Optimist though I may be, my prophetic soul compels me to say the chances are that the Chicago machinist did find the old farm a dull place; that he did not stay, and that the dusty little mother, prematurely old, and the stubbed little man, brevet farmer, instead of giving it all up, still abide by the roadside, milking the cows and sending all the milk to the factory, husking the corn which he then was cultivating; he is doubtless still climbing the tower, touching the wheel and oiling the mill, still, I fear, playing with the pretty colt, to his own joy and his mother's continuous terror, and she is still choking down her tears, fitting into the hardness, some day perhaps conquering the hardness and winning out into prosperity and to a degree of happiness; or perhaps, let us admit it, more likely the hardness will conquer them, and some accident from colt or windmill, some untoward slip from the wagon, may repeat the tragedy of the father in the life of the son. And what then? Will not the study that transformed the primrose serve us here and enshrine even these human forms in beauty, giving to them a far-reaching significance?

The day before, we took the "Trip" around Lake Geneva, and my ride from Chicago to Tower Hill skirted many other lakes, the shores of which are lined with the habitations of human hydrangeas, proud, triumphant, high-stepping women; strong, self-reliant, confident men who never tire of telling how they began life bare-footed, as if all of us did not begin life in very much the same way.

I will not push the analogy, for analogies are dangerous, but one thing is sure—that much of the so-called culture in the human garden is the result of high-feeding and leads to sterility, dependence and inefficiency, while nature seeks ever to breed honey-producing, fruit-bearing, productive, creative, not only self-sustaining but self-perpetuating life in the world. The love organs of the plant may well direct all their energies to the tasks of reproducing its kind, of physical perpetuation, but that is an ignoble use of energy in humanity which ends in the prolongation of its own physical life and the perpetuation of its own species. Human love should ever have in it a celestial element, as Emerson would say. True human marriage seeks to multiply the children of the brain as well as of the loins. True love propagates ideas, engenders loving deeds, and seeks to fill the world with kindness.

It is a shock to our human conceit to come upon what seem to be the cold facts of the scientist, the self-centering life of the plant. We are told that the honey is secreted and the yellow petals are developed, not for the sake of adding sweetness and beauty to the world, not for the purpose of gratifying higher intelligences or paving the way for artists and architects with their great paintings and grand cathedrals, but for the sake of wooing a moth that in seeking its own pleasure unwittingly carries upon its reluctant back the pollen that will fertilize a distant stigma. But the shock is only temporary. Over in the Stock Yards some of the most curious and interesting outputs are called "by-products"—economically they help out on running expenses,—bones, hoofs, horns, hair, and everything is utilized; much of it makes for beauty. Admitting that in the botanical gardens of nature, beauty, at least man's love of it, science, art, and this sermon are by-products, they are none the less valuable. These by-products must be listed before the invoice is complete, and may not the by-products of botany become the prime products of the human soul?

But even our primrose is not all selfish. The books tell us that the little moth with its inch-long bill, after it has satiated itself with the sweetness, become drunk on its nectar, finally cuddles to rest within the lips of the yellow corolla and goes to sleep as in a cradle, and the strange and touching law of imitation having tipped the pink wings with yellow, it is safely concealed from the eyes of its foes and its rest is secure.

Still further goes the fraternity of the primrose. Gibson, in his "Eye-Spy," publishes a letter from a youthful rural correspondent which quaintly tells of another fraternal habit of our night-bloomer. Says this young observer:

"I read in 'Harper's Young People' your piece about the evening primrose, and found the little moth and the catterpillars, what I never seen before; but they is one thing what you never tole us about yit. Why is it that the buds on so many evening primroses swell up so big and never open? Some of them has holes into them, but I never seen nothing cum out."

The explanation is most curious. Early in the life of the flower bud a little moth that has no economic connection with the primrose, deposits its egg on the inside of the flower chamber, and this egg early develops into a worm that feeds upon the embryonic flower organs; these being gone, the flower bud is never extended; it has no occasion to increase, but the green envelopes continue to grow, safely protecting the little intruder until the developed caterpillar eats its way out and attaches itself along side of the seed vessel lower down the stem and so simulates the seed-pods that not even the worm-hunting bird discovers the fraud unless perchance it should feel it squirm under its tiny toes. So, away down the ladder where the primrose is, we come upon an altruistic bridge that has been thrown over and a helping hand which has been offered to at least one alien in the world of plants, but a fellow creature in the universe of God.

But there is still an untold chapter in the story of my particular Evening Primrose. The sermon thus far had pretty clearly shaped itself in my mind when I was called away for a few days on Lincoln Centre business. Returning, my eye promptly sought my dusty neighbor by the wall, but alas! a tragedy of the roadside, a calamity of the tangle had occurred. Some child with careless hand, some playful dogs, or, it may be, some cruel gust during the thunder terrors of a midnight storm, had seized my graceful wand and wrenched it; its unfinished career was cut short; the back of the plant was broken and the head hanging down helplessly, and there I left it swinging aimlessly in the wind. The seeds were perhaps sufficiently developed to survive, but the ingenious seed-sowing device is interfered with, and, if the pods open, they will be dropped recklessly at the foot of the plant where the all-conquering grass has already taken possession, which, once obtained, it seldom surrenders to any flowering plant.

How strangely suggestive, how pitiably true is the analogy borne out to the last with the human primrose I found by the roadside in Rock County. Is this, then, the end of all? Are there in nature no prophetic suggestions of deathlessness?

Here again the truth is stranger than fiction. The story of this individual plant does not end with the catastrophe that broke its back. If the thirty-seven pods had each wooed but four pollen-bearing moths in the early evening it had already sent out 148 pollen loads to [illegible]nalize unnumbered ovules in as many different [illegible]ms, it had already fathered a community o[illegible]s which next year will dot the hill with re[illegible] still further, th[illegible]lower spike of the even[illegible]ose is indeterminate; that is, conditions bein[illegible]orable, flowers will continue to come indefinitely, and my botanist friend with her glass counted nine possible blossoms still tipping the undeveloped end of my plant.

Surely, here are intimations strange and subtle that the potency lying back of primrose and man is purposeful, and that this power indeed

> "Moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

My story of the primrose ends where my sermon of the infinite God and the endless life begins. Two years ago I brought you a sermon of "My River" as it flowed before my eyes and through my mind as I lay on my Tower Hill ledge. A year ago it was the "Sermon of the Bridge." This year as I looked away and afar, waiting for my sermon, lo! the revelation of the prophet such as Lowell sang of in my introductory poem, breaks upon me at my feet. My subject was not "It," but it was "*Him*." The primrose has no volition; it does not choose or reject, but there is choice and selection. The same power that causes the river to flow, that through the mind of man shaped the bridge, that touches the hilltops with sunshine and silvers the valleys with moonlight, that holds the planets in their places, that fired the prophets with zeal, that enabled burning martyrs to burst into song, that wrote Bibles, dictated psalms, and fills the human soul with an unconquerable prayer for "Peace on earth, good will to men," shaped the rosette of the primrose and placed in its heart the hope of spring and the possibility of autumn. Says Gibson:

> "Not all our evergreens are accounted for in our botany. The mullein, pepper-grass, thistle, plantain and the hundred-pointed starry rosette of the evening primrose, hug the frozen ground. Spring is in the heart of them. How few of them ever get the credit for the hope and faith of which they are the perennial, eloquent symbol."

Science talks to us of evolution; religion comes in with a magnificent "amen," and adds the thought of involution. It uncoils the roll until we come upon the primal source and cause of all. Evolution implies an involution. Martineau well says, "That cannot be evolved that is not first involved."

It is a far cry from the primrose by the Tower Hill wall to the mother and son on the Milton road, but all the distance has been traversed by the moving columns of life, and every step of the way has been won by struggle. Each rise means pain and effort, glorious triumph in defeat.

It is perhaps a still farther cry from the German woman and her son to a redeemed nation, a sanctified race, a corporate humanity, but eternity is as measureless ahead as it is behind. The gentle Keats, noting the explosive habit of the evening primrose, which in some varieties audibly pops into blossom, sang:

> "A tuft of evening primroses,
> O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes,
> O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
> But that *'tis ever startled by the leap*
> *Of buds into ripe flowers.*"

Surely there are no beds of dalliance in the order of nature, not even for dozing winds, for ever and everywhere there are startling "leaps of buds" into flowers and fruits. Emerson has said, "That which is now life shall be poetry." He might with equal truthfulness and more inspiration have reversed the statement and said, "That which is now poetry shall be life."

Let us, then, not mistake the result of high feeding for culture; let not the showy petals of selfish lives be taken as signs of progress, lest they prove sterile. Even the primrose, when the seed vessels are well started and its own perpetuity is reasonably well provided for, uses its surplus resources in extending its radiance and prolonging its blossom; it forgets its night economy and dares bloom in the day. Let not the primrose shame our human life; let no vegetable standard satisfy the living soul within us. All the primrose implies should be ours with a mighty *plus*, a human *plus*, the *plus* that gives the thought of God, the hunger for immortality, a *plus* that demands dauntless service, deserving, aye, compelling deathlessness.

OUR LIFE.

> That life is ours—
> The years attest;
> How sweet its flowers,
> Its fruits how blest.
> It steals along,
> Where grass grows deep,
> And brings a song—
> From lands of sleep!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"The Secret of Jesus."

By Benjamin Fay Mills.

II.

CAN MEN DO WHAT JESUS SAID?

I refer especially to the hard sayings of Jesus concerning the relation of men to material things and to their fellows. These injunctions which at first appear impracticable become thoroughly reasonable, provided a man adopts the life principle of Jesus, as expressed in absolute trust in the God revealed in all things, all conditions and all men.

Concerning material goods, he told his hearers to "Lay not up treasures on earth," to "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed," and to hold all property at the disposal of the needy, the asker, the contentious and unjust claimant. He even told them to give away their possessions to the poor, and that, to be his followers, they must renounce the ownership of all that they had. He said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

Concerning men, he enjoined the trustful practice toward all, including the repulsive, unreasonable and the vicious. Those who learned his secret were not to resist the injurer, were to love their enemies, and were to despair of no man.

It seems a strange fact that, nineteen hundred years after Jesus enunciated his principle and died in order to be loyal to it men, even his professed disciples, should still dispute whether he is to be taken seriously, whether he said what he meant and meant what he said. The question, "Can men do what Jesus said?" is still variously answered. Some say that these teachings could be practiced among the gentle oriental peoples and in balmy climates; but not among spirited occidentals, not under the harder conditions of our more vigorous existence. Some say that in ancient times, among simple souls, this may have been reasonable, but that in modern times, with our knowledge and culture and habits, to attempt this would be the height of unreason and folly. Some say, "In the future, but not now." One man said to me, "The world is too young yet." A world-renowned preacher, in my hearing, rebuked another who had paid a man who unjustly sued him, saying that to try to practice the Sermon on the Mount now and here, was a disloyalty to Jesus. He said that this was the Devil's Kingdom and that Jesus had gone away in order to let the Devil's power develop here. By and by he would return and establish his kingdom on Earth and then the Sermon on the Mount would be the constitution of the Earthly Kingdom of God. "But now," said he, "men might as well claim that they had a right to live under the laws of Germany in the United States, as to endeavor to practice the teachings of Jesus under present conditions." One man even claims that the practice of the teachings of Jesus would subvert all order and others say that Jesus' precepts may be partially, but only partially, practiced by men. One devout woman exclaimed to me in horror, "Why, you don't think that any man could possibly live like Jesus?" which is similar to another who said that "Christ has left us an inimitable example, to be followed by all men at an infinite distance." Another says that these utterances are "figurative." What they symbolize, he does not elaborate, but he evidently means that they do not mean what they say. This is like the clause that is said to exist in the treaty between the United States and Mexico, that if war shall ever break out, it shall be conducted "on Christian principles." Others insist that these injunctions are to be taken literally, in a manner in which the letter certainly killeth the spirit. I have read of a band of people who call themselves "Little Children," in response to Jesus' saying, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no case enter the Kingdom of God," and these adult infants spend their hours of worship in playing with dolls, tops, marbles and similar toys. Still further, there are those who believe in this life, but that only a few are called to live it. They think it may be all right for Lao-Tse or Buddha or Jesus or Saint Francis or Tolstoy, but that the vast majority are to be exempt from any attempt to seriously apply the great principle to daily living.

But there are those who mean to take Jesus seriously and who discern in his precepts and practice a profound philosophy which is one with the highest reason, a simple, practicable rule of life which is in harmony with the endeavors of the greatest human souls, and that the practice of this rule introduces a man to a genuine gospel of purity, peace, knowledge, wisdom and power. The philosophy is the recognition of what is thought in all creeds, that the one God is everywhere. The rule of life is the practicalization of this principle, "the deification of the world," absolute trust as the attitude of the mind and perfect love as the habit of the life. The gospel is the fact and proclamation of the power of this principle;—that the principle will work perfectly, everywhere, at all times, under all conditions, and that thus a man may become conscious of his own divinity and truly say, "I and my Father are One."

Let us examine the probable operation of this principle in social and individual experience.

Socially, it would abolish some existing customs, some it would modify and alter; and some it would develop along the line of their best present tendencies.

The social habits it would abolish are precisely those that we all agree should be abolished. For example,—War, the Curse of Economic Competition, the inculcation of selfish ideals in the minds of the youth, the selfish sundering of the marriage tie, and the toleration of the indulgence in fleshly lust, the distractions and dissensions of churches and religions, the injustices of our courts and the barbarisms of our prisons, and, in fact, every possible form of man's inhumanity to man. None of these evils will ever be abolished in any other way than by the spread of the practice of this principle. Great and greater armies and more deadly weapons and explosives will never destroy the armed conflicts of nations,—nothing but the manifestation of good-will and the merging of these national ambitions in international welfare. As Jesus said, "Believe you can do it, and you can become the [illegible]

There are other social customs which are not necessarily antagonistic to this principle, but that would require more or less modification. For example,—the idea of democracy is the political application of this great principle. "The remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy." Our American political ideals are exceedingly high; what is lacking is their practical application. Our present president said in his first message to Congress, "After all is said and done, Brotherhood is the one prerequisite to the kind of national life after which we strive." Any government would be good enough for brothers, or, we would better say, true brothers would need no governing. What is needed save for them to "prefer their families to themselves, their country to their families, and mankind to their country?"

So, too, about industry and commerce. Of course some economic forms could not survive the sincere attempt to apply this principle; in fact, it would cause a complete economic transformation, until we should "look no more every man on his own things, but every

man on the things of others." But even now, anyone who is willing to live unselfishly could found and administer his business for humanity's sake, rather than for personal profit. We expect this of ministers of religion;—why not of lawyers and doctors and manufacturers and business men and employers? Why may not a lawyer really try to administer the justice of love, aid the unfortunate, the weak and the poor, and cause his title to become synonymous with compassion and truth and divine service? Why may not a physician seek only the welfare of his patient instead of personal profit or reputation? Why may not a manufacturer establish his factory on principles of brotherly coöperation, and the greater his genius, the greater would be his contribution to the welfare of his economic family and of the community? Why may not a merchant endeavor primarily to minister to the needs of men as to his own brothers? Why may he not improve the morals of trade, elevate the taste of the community, and first, last and always be concerned for "the man at the other end of the bargain?" Why may not the carpenter build in love the house he knows will be occupied by his own brother or sister? Why may not the gardener pour as much love into the tilling of the soil and the production of the fruits of the ground as though he were certain they would be eaten by his very own;—as indeed they certainly will?

The fact is that it is only when men ask, "Will it pay?" as a vital question that they are skeptical as to the possibility of a truly Christian economic system and practice. Any man who will, may live this life now, and no organized selfishness can hinder him or make void his endeavor.

We would also need to alter our whole system and method of dealing with moral delinquents. We do not "protect society" by our often-times suspicious and vengeful processes. The only protection for society is to get the criminal spirit out of men and this can be accomplished only by sympathy and trust. Our greatest modern prophet well says: "There will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning in the sentiment of love. This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history, for these thousand years, has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make, by distrust, the thief, and burglar and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season, would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service."

It was said at the funeral of Jerry McCauley, the ex-river-thief, whose best years were given to trustful helpfulness among the despised men and women of New York, that with ten such men, every policeman in the city might be dismissed.

But there are some present social customs that need nothing but emphasis on their best features, to meet the requirements of this great law. The best families; the churches founded not on dogma, but on principle, whose members have come "not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" the schools which proceed on the attempt first to awaken the soul of the child; the philanthropic endeavors of multitudes of lovers of mankind, need only the enlightenment of spiritual knowledge and application of spiritual wisdom and the inspiration of the true Spirit in order to become ideal. With more trust and love, these forms would thrill with greater life.

A man recently arose in a church where I had been teaching this doctrine and said, "Is this workable?" Certainly nothing else is. And just as certainly, the committal of men to this theory would practically solve every social problem for the first time.

What we need to see is that the only requirement for ideal living in this world is not that social forms should be instantaneously transformed to perfect models, but that individuals should give themselves to lives of unselfishness. No man or woman can possibly be in any position where this cannot be done; and this quiets all distress, answers all essential questions, furnishes guidance for all perplexities and endues with power of an abiding quality.

In 1879, the Rev. Henry Richards was sent by an English society as a missionary to Africa. He settled himself in a place called Banza Manteka, where no white man had ever lived. For seven years he preached, and taught the natives, without winning one convert to Christianity. He then was greatly discouraged and concluded either that he was not preaching the true gospel, or that it had no power. So he determined to commence with the gospel of Luke and read it to the people and endeavor to practice what it said. He found little difficulty until he came to the thirtieth verse of the sixth chapter,—"Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again." At first he was tempted to omit this, or explain it away, as the people glorified thievery and seemed conscienceless about appropriating what did not belong to them. But he was loyal to his determination and he no soooner told his audience that this was a requirement of his religion than they began to help him practice it. They asked for everything that he had and he gave to them, until he began to wonder how he could exist. But one day he overheard a conversation outside his house, in which shame was expressed that the speakers should have imposed on one so kind, because his religion forbade him to protect himself, and the people began bringing back goods they had begged and stolen, or others to take their place, and from that time no one took any of the missionary's goods. Furthermore, the entire community was converted to this Christian practice, thievery was abolished, locks were removed from their doors, and Mr. Stanley, in one of his books, says that when he visited this station, he found a community that surpassed in the practical Christian virtues any place with which he was acquainted in nominally Christian lands.

Other illustrations of the power of this rule of life are numerous, but I desire now to call your attention to five certainties:

1. These are the teachings of Jesus.

2. He believed in them and endeavored to practice them.

3. He expected his disciples to obey them. He said, "Why do ye call me, 'Lord! Lord!' and do not the things which I say?"

4. They have not been generally practiced by any church or community or nation, at least in recent times. None have been farther from it then some so-called Christian nations.

5. Wherever a man has even approximately tried it, he has been a man of power. This is the secret of the power of Francis of Assisi and George Fox and William Penn and Leo Tolstoy. I wish I knew others. But I believe our age is again facing the question. Benjamin Franklin said that a single generation of Christians who practiced the teachings of Jesus would change the face of the world. Meanwhile may not one man do what he can? And let us remember that the one who, above all others, to our division of the human family, has represented "the pure and awful form of religion in the world," said of these very precepts to which especial reference has been herein

made,—"Everyone therefore that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall thereof."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Recent Books from the Putnams.

G. P. Putnam's Sons send to the Table a book by Prof. George Allen Hubbell, entitled "Up Through Childhood." The book is full of common sense, and that is the best thing you can say of any book. Its opinion of the Sunday school is emphatic and correct. The author says that "for the most part is is an absolute failure—if judged by the standard of a good day school;" and most preaching he thinks would fare no better if measured by the standard of the best schools. Has he not hit the exact reason why the people do not go to church? It is impossible for the preacher to do so much preaching and keep up the standard. Will we not have to recognize our church work on an educational basis? That is, can we not get along with less amateur preaching, and do better with more systematic and scientific instruction—I refer to moral science? The author says that in his opinion "If the religious instruction of young people were radically improved, the day school would see its way more clearly to introduce a greater amount of moral teaching into the curriculum." It is a highly religious book, and the author is by no means a mere critic. It will do you good to study it carefully.

From the same house I have received "The Master's Violin," by Myrtle Reed. It is one of those exquisite productions that class with "Love Letters of a Musician," and "Lavender and Old Lace." It is full of music and it is full of love—and there is harmony.

Putnam adds to his list a tidy volume of essays by Paul E. Moore. These have all or nearly all been published in different magazines, or in the *New York Evening Post*. They are keen in analysis, and by no means superficial. I like immensely some of the author's criticisms of Tolstoy. In his essay on Humanitarianism he tells us that "The brotherhood of man is the real religious dogma of the times." His study of Christ confesses that it is nearly impossible for us to discover and determine the real opinions of Jesus. For the most part people read into the Gospels a great deal of what they get elsewhere. Mr. Moore is slightly opinionated on some topics, but I like a positive man, even when dealing with Emerson.

From Putnam also comes another volume in "The Story of Nations" series. This one is a carefully prepared account of the South American republics, including Peru, Chile, Boliva, Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia, and even Panama. I am not capable of passing judgment upon his historical accuracy; but the book is very readable, and is well illustrated. It gives an American a clear insight into the formation and growth of those young republics, the existence of which in 1823 gave rise to The Monroe Doctrine. Our relation to these republics, we must learn to understand, is not autocratic, but democratic and friendly. It will not do for us to carry out our Panama policy—very frequently.

From the same house comes one more volume in the Crown Theological Library. This volume tells "The Early Hebrew Story," with an historical background, and is written by Rev. Dr. John P. Peters. It is delightful to read the old Hebrew story sifted somewhat of myth. Dr. Peters simply turns the fine old stories of Genesis into something readable and usable, from the modern standpoint. He thinks that men brought up with the old literal ideas may be shocked, for a time, out of the use of the book, but that the people will, after a while, get more pleasure and more value from the Bible as a human production. Of course UNITY readers will agree with him, and will be glad to read his book. It is curious to find a note or preface in which the Faculty of Bangor Theological Seminary endorse the Doctor's views. Forty years ago they would have subjected him to a trial for heresy.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons comes also the first volume of a magnificent work, by the Carlyle brothers of University College, Oxford. It is entitled "A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West." This volume carries us from the second century to the ninth. Among UNITY readers I am confident there is a class, not small in numbers, that will be ready to welcome this fine piece of scholarship. It will be especially the readers of Sir Henry Maine who will find in the volumes—only one yet published—that sort of intellectual food which they crave. The Carlyles digest for us a vast mass of almost hidden literature. It is their intent to unfold to us, from the beginnings, the process by which political thought led on to and developed modern politics. They find the origins of our institutions first in imperial Rome, and second in the organization of the early Christian church. It is curious to note how very closely religious evolution and political evolution have been identified in European history. We cannot help asking the question whether our separation of Church and State has not gone too far. The Golden Rule has very little to do with modern politics! neither have the Ten Commandments. A political convention is as thoroughly given over to the devil as any gathering of human beings easily can be. If the organization of human society has been achieved largely by religious thought and effort, there is no good reason why there should be one moral law for the State and another for the Church. It is encouraging to note that when a flash of manly honor does occur in one of our political conventions it touches the heart of the people for a quick response. We might at least draw up a platform of political principles without embodying historical lies. Mr. Carlyle gives us very clearly the evolution of thought on slavery, on property, on the power of a king, on government in general, on property rights, and on the relation of state and church. We shall look for succeeding volume or volumes with intense interest.

E. P. POWELL.

To an Organist.

His fingers wander over fields of song,
Where winds of harmony blow soft, blow strong.
Now all the sky is bright, then overcast
With mighty thunder-clouds from far and fast.
He sings a mother's evening lullaby,
And voices nations in their battle-cry.
Mountains and seas upon his view arise,
Poets and kings attend his minstrelsies,
And all the master spirits of the past
Rise at the summons of his trumpet-blast.

—*Christopher C. Hazard.*

PROOF CORRECTION.—In the last number of UNITY, in the lecture by Benjamin Fay Mills, page 473, first column, the sentence, "The Life Principle of Jesus was absolute Truth," should read "The Life Principle of Jesus was absolute Trust;" and in the second column of the same page, "By the exercise of absolute truth," should read "By the exercise of absolute trust."

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT SPEYER.—At last the beautiful Memorial Church of the Protest of 1529 at Speyer is dedicated. On August 30 the old imperial city was in festal array for the long anticipated event. UNITY's foreign notes editor had long hoped and planned to write of this dedication as an eye-witness but untoward circumstances—chiefly one individual's unkept promise—deprived her of that privilege. The thoughtful kindness of another German friend has, however, supplied her with an extended report of the celebration.

This church, it will be remembered, was to be the concrete symbol of Protestant unity. Great were the hopes and early ideals of the active promoters of the enterprise and the corresponding enthusiasm they awakened in many hearts by their earnest appeals to Protestants of every sect and shade to contribute to its erection. The report of its dedication before us, however, notwithstanding a vague general reference to foreign guests, "including some from far across the sea," shows little more than an elaborate celebration on the part of evangelical Germany. Among the speakers at the various meetings and services of the occasion but one seems to have come from beyond the borders of Germany and Austria, nor is any other representative of a foreign country so much as mentioned. Even Germany's most widely known preachers and theological professors are conspicuous by their absence, and one can but feel that for the world at large this new Protestant monument has lost much of its prophetic significance.

The *Münchener Neneste Nachrichten* prefaces an extended description of the edifice, and the long story of its planning and construction, with the statement that it is "the thanksgiving monument which the evangelical world has erected by its free-will offerings as evidence of its harmony and loyalty." As UNITY readers are already somewhat familiar with the history of the church and its main architectural and industrial features, these need be touched upon again but briefly.

The birthday of the Memorial church may be said to be Sept. 19, 1856, when at a meeting presided over by a councilor of the consistory it was decided not to restore the old Trinity church *(Dreifoltigkeitskirche)* but to build a large new church which should commemorate at once the Diet of Speyer in 1529 and the protest of the six evangelical princes and fourteen imperial cities. An organization for this purpose was at once effected under the name of the Retscher Association. This name was changed in 1882 to Association for the Erection of the Memorial Church of the Protest 1529, but in local German usage the old name of Retscher clung to the association, and the church as well.

Not much was accomplished until 1876, when a memorial with accompanying appeal, prepared by Prof. Dr. Rabus, was sent to the courts of the princes and to all governing bodies of the evangelical church. Then gifts began to flow in, including one of 5,000 marks from the Catholic king, Ludwig II., of Bavaria, and an equal amount from the old emperor William I. In the early 80's matters were so far advanced that the question of a site could be considered, and 45 architects participated in the competition for a plan for the new edifice. That of Flügge and Nordman, Easen 1885, was accepted. By 1889, 754,000 marks were in the hands of the committee, the support of the young German Emperor was assured, and it was decided that construction should begin. The site was consecrated on Sept. 19, 1890, the laying of the corner-stone took place in August, 1892, in connection with the General Assembly of the *Evangelischer Bund.* In 1898 the German empress promised the two main windows of the choir. By 1900 the external construction was complete save the upper part of the tower, but funds were needed for the remaining work. Then the Prussian Minister of the Interior authorized a house-collection in the kingdom of Prussia, and similar privileges were granted in other evangelical German states. On July 1, 1904, the total outlay for the structure amounted to 2,127,664 marks and the building committee could come before the General Assembly and announce itself absolutely free from debt. This is reason enough for heartily congratulating these indefatigable workers. Their task is not ended, however, as a maintenance fund must still be provided.

The dedication exercises began at 4:30 p. m. August 30, with the unveiling of the great Luther statue in the memorial vestibule. This central feature was the gift of American Lutherans, but we are not told what part Americans took in the ceremonies. The principal address was by Prof. Gümbel, the tireless secretary of the building committee, some of whose letters to this country years ago, first roused our enthusiasm.

The celebration was continued by a great festal gathering that same evening in a large hall. To this assemblage the Prince Regent—a Catholic—graciously sent greeting and welcome by his representative, the president of the Palatinate. Emperor and Empire were toasted by the local Burgomaster, and the city of Speyer was the toast given by the hereditary prince of Saxe-Meiningen. Telegrams of homage were sent to both sovereigns. A climax of interest and enthusiasm was reached when the doctor's degree was conferred upon Consistorial Councilor Ney, chairman of the building committee, and Prof. Gümbel, its chief secretary, by the theological faculties of the universities of Marburg and Heidelberg. Then followed a series of brief congratulatory addresses expressive of protestant rejoicing, from Dr. Standberger (Stuttgart) on behalf of the King of Würtemberg and the other evangelical princes of Germany, Dr. Voigtmann (Berlin), representative of the German Evangelical Church Committee, Court-Chaplain Dr. Ackermann (Dresden), president of the German Ecclesiastical Conference in Eisenach, Dr. Lösgen (Rostoek) in the name of the theological faculties of German universities, Prof. Dr. Lösche (Vienna) for the theological faculty of Vienna, the Burgomaster of Lindau as representative of one of the 14 protesting cities, Dr. Pank (Leipsig) for the Gustavus Adolphus Foundation, Count Wintzingerode for the German Evangelical Alliance, Rev. Fritzach of Berlin for the Inner Mission, the Rev. Hoffmann representing the evangelical churches of Geneva, Switzerland, he brought their gift of 1,300 marks, and others. These addresses closed the first day's celebration.

August 31, the great day of the occasion, brought a gracious telegram from the Emperor closing with the hope that "the new house of God, as a home of true evangelical belief may contribute to the blessing of the evangelical church."

The day was ushered in by the pealing of bells and choral music from the towers of the evangelical churches. Three services and a young people's service were held in the Memorial Church, which was filled each time to its utmost capacity, while many visitors were unable to get into it at all. The sermons were preached by former Court Chaplain Dryander of Berlin, General-Superintendent Wessel of Detmold, Rev. Fickenscher of Füeth and Rev. Cantzler of Speyer. Several musical societies, aided by concert soloists and two organists, supplied the music for the different services and everything passed off most successfully. At night there was a general illumination of houses along the principal streets and Bengal lights brought into relief the beautiful exterior of the *Gedächtniskirche.*

At a banquet in the *Wittelsbacher-Hof,* the Regent of the duchy of Coburg-Gotha, hereditary prince of Hohenlohe-Langenborn, delivered an extended address. He said :

"If the princes of the German federation have to-day sent their representatives to this celebration, it is with the wish to proclaim in this way before the evangelical people of Germany their firm adhesion to the precious evangelical creed. Every German feeling heart must beat in joyful enthusiasm at the consciousness that almost four hundred years ago, in an age in which the religious life languished under the pressure exerted by the political power, it was ordained that the German spirit should conquer for all men the right to seek God according to the dictates of their own conscience free from external compulsion.

"In this spirit the German prnices and the free cities, the Imperial chief at their head, have recently taken the first steps toward a closer union of the evangelical national churches. A beginning from which, with the help of God, may develop a surer holding together without endangering the independence of any member, or subjecting the religious position of our creed to attack. To-day as we celebrate the loyal stand taken together for the most sacred possessions in a long-past time, we may well be thankful for this proof of unity in our own day.

"Unquestionably, while human nature remains what it is, the mingling of religious problems with questions of political authority will induce struggles in which it is the duty of every

man to take sides and advocate fearlessly what seems to him most sacred. But high above all strife of parties and creeds rises as the common Christian symbol the cross on Golgotha. How often has the attempt been made to bury the Crucified One, with scorn and revilings, forever in his rocky grave. Ever he has risen anew and shown to the millions seeking comfort in all ages, lands, classes, and confessions, the wounds from which flowed the divine blood for the healing of humanity. Looking to him the princes and cities at the memorable diet of 1529 stood together for defense against threatened tyranny. The thought of him has in times of direst need inspired our people to splendid achievements of incomparable power. For wherever the celestial fire of unselfish idealism takes irresistible possession of men's hearts, there lives, however unconsciously to these workers, the spirit of him, who though often reviled and rejected of men, embodied in himself in its true, unalloyed form the ideal of genuine heroism. For the German people whose essential characteristic has ever been the impulse to break through the bounds of the material world, the continuously renewed victory of the divine is a fact which precludes all pessimistic doubt as to our future.

"Our Emperor therefore has clearly recognized the deepest life need of our people, when, undisturbed by possibile misinterpretation, he has openly expressed his deep desire that the Germans remain true to their God. To all of us, who love our fatherland, and who recognize in the image of our great spiritual hero, that of which we are capable and to which we are called, comes the appeal to actively support this noble effort of our ruler. The future of Germany, I am fully convinced, depends on the degree to which our people take their stand on the highest problems of religion and morality. Repeatedly in the life of every nation come times, when men need phrases no more, but the voice of the Eternal calls with imperative earnestness to noble deed. If we, in such decisive moments, do our duty, true to ourselves and our God, then will he deem us worthy of achieving the highest tasks of civilization for humanity, and undismayed we may repeat that grand utterance:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing,
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

M. E. H.

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3:15 Informal Conference of Ministers
Topic: *"The Purpose and Method of Our Ministry."*

WEDNESDAY EVENING

8:00 Two Thirty Minute Addresses
"The Religion of the 20th Century."
REV. PARKER STOCKDALE, People's Church, Aurora
"The Religion of the Ages."
REV. GEO. GEBAUER, Alton

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6TH

10:30 Address of President. Appointment of Committees. Report of Secretary. Report of Treasurer. New Business.
11:00 Address by Rev. W. M. Backus
"The Relation of the State Conference to the Western Conference and the American Unitarian Association."
11:30 Discusssion.
11:45 *"The Alliance Outlook."*
MRS. E. N. DELANO.
12:15 Discussion.
12:30 Devotional Meeting.
Conducted by REV. F. A. WEIL, Chicago.
1:00 Luncheon in Dining Room of the Church.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

2:30 The Educational Church.
"The Church a People's University."
REV. ROBT. C. BRYANT, People's Church, Rockford.
"Religious Value of Symbolic Teaching."
REV. D. M. KIRKPATRICK, Church of Good Will, Streator.
"Lincoln Centre."
REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, All Souls Church, Chicago.
4:00 Discussion.
4:30 Closing Business Session.

THURSDAY EVENING

8:00 Two Thirty Minute Addresses.
"The Simple Church."
REV. J. VILA BLAKE, Church of All Souls, Evanston.
"The Holy Communion."
REV. FRED V. HAWLEY, Unity Church, Chicago.

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